

Volume No. 19

Issue No. 1

The Circle

Auburn's General Interest Magazine



THE COMIC STRIP

COMICS - TOYS - COLLECTIBLES

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The Auburn *Circle*, financed by advertising and student activity fees, serves as a forum for the writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse audience by providing a variety of features and investigative journalism, short stories, poetry, art and photography. The *Circle* is published three times a year; fall, winter and spring, with an average distribution of 4,000 copies. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, and not necessarily those of the advertising companies, the *Circle* staff, the publisher (the Board of Student Communications), or Auburn University, its administration, student body and Board of Trustess.

Colophon

This issue of *The Auburn Circle* was printed on 80-pound Matte paper by University Printing of Auburn, Alabama. All artwork was photographed by the *Circle* staff. The Journalism and fiction typeface is 12-point Times. Poetry is 12-point New Century Schoolbook.

Submissions

The *Circle* accepts works from students, staff and alumni of Auburn University.

Prose, poetry, essays and articles should be typed or legibly hand-written. Submissions on computer disks are acceptable. The *Circle* has access to IBM and Apple Macintosh computers.

All artwork submitted remains in the *Circle* office and is photographed to reduce risk of damage. We accomodate artwork of any size and shape. Collections of related works by artists or photographers are accepted for our Gallery section.

All submissions become property of *The Auburn Circle* on a one-time printing basis only.

The *Circle* is located in the Publications Suite, basement of Foy Union, down the outside steps from the War Eagle Cafeteria. For more information, call 844-4122 or write:

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Auburn University, AL 36849

Letters

Letters to the editor should be addressed to Wynne Johnson, c/o Auburn Circle. Letters over 500 words may be edited for brevity. Any and all comments and subjects are welcome for discussion.

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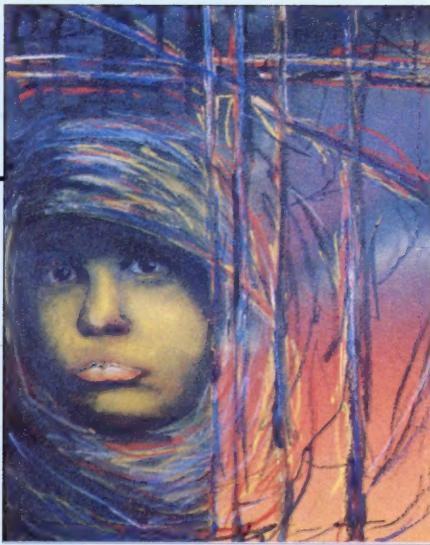
Angie Shields



Untitled
Zoe E. Press

Circled

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Frolic
Matt Cleveland

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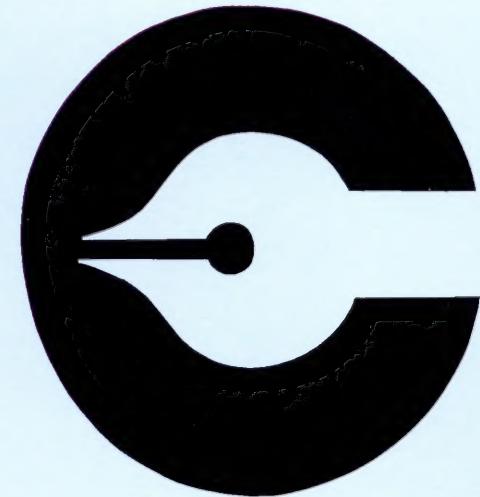
The Auburn Circle

A selection of only the best...

Join us in a celebration of 20 years of publication by submitting your artwork, poetry, photography, or essays.

\$100 fiction writing contest.
All submissions eligible.

See page 3 for details on submitting.



Editor's Note

A WORD FROM THE EDITOR

This year has seen many changes for the Auburn Circle; a new office with new carpet, paint, and furniture, a new media director (also a new position, formerly the faculty advisor), and a new computer. These changes are impressive. However, the vital difference this year is more subtle and can be summed up with one word: **attitude**. This year's staff is dedicated to serving the students and faculty of Auburn University. Our motto is, "If it is not the best, it is not going in there (i.e. in *The Circle* magazine)."

For this reason the ball is now in your court - "you" being the reader. Our magazine lives solely on submissions. Therefore, if you want to see more poetry in each issue, get your friends and acquaintances to submit more poems. You want to see more photography or artwork? Submit those pictures that you know are awesome, but have just been too scared to show anyone. You felt strongly about a topic and wrote 10 pages about it in your journal? Sounds like a feature article to me. So bring us your submissions, because if we have only one short story worth printing, then that is the only one you will see in the issue; but of course we want more.

There are several new departments in this magazine which might need some explanation. In order to bring a little cultural diversity, each issue will contain a piece of literature written once in a foreign language and a separate version translated into English. This department is called, simply, **Translation**.

Since there has been confusion to its purpose; the **Gallery** department is a series of related works done by the same artist or photographer.

Finally, this year's *Auburn Circle* staff wants to know what you like and dislike about each issue. It would be nice to think that we have a good grasp on the majority of our readers' perceptions and preferences, but undoubtedly there are always people out there thinking, "This sucks!" If this is you, please take advantage of our new department, **Forum**. It has been set up specifically for your questions, comments, and opinions.

Thanks, and I hope you enjoy the Fall issue.

And keep your eyes open for the next issue, our 20th anniversary!

Wynne Johnson
Auburn Circle Editor



Byron Sims AKA the Junkman

Ian McShane

FORUM

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor, *Circle Magazine*,

I have been reading each *Circle* since the deadly dead-dog issue of Fall '91. Since that issue, the quality of the magazine, in my opinion, has increased dramatically, both in content and in style.

That is, until the Spring '93 issue.

I do not know what changes the staff underwent at this time, but Spring '93 was *garbage*. A collection of trite articles and photographs whose purpose seemed nothing more than suck-up propoganda for some fairy-tale image of Auburn and our mascot.

Personally, I found the contents insulting to my intelligence, and I'll lay odds that most of the student body and faculty likewise did.

My comments are not directed to the artists, photographers, poets or fiction authors who were published in this issue; the fault is not theirs, and whether or not I enjoyed their particular piece, it is their sort of work which belongs in the magazine, not propoganda.

Propoganda belongs in yearbooks, it belongs in brochures, it belongs in communist countries and soft drink advertisements - it does not belong in a college-level literary magazine. If there really needs to be journalistic articles of any sort in this magazine, I suggest that at the very least they be *interesting*, and, hey, maybe cover a **real** topic every now and then, with some **real** investigative writing.

I sincerely hope that the newly appointed '93-'94 editor of the magazine has higher aspirations and goals for this magazine than as propoganda for the "Auburn Image." It really ruins it. To be more precise, it ruins both the magazine and the actual Auburn image.

Corwin R. Random
03CE

Editor, *Circle Magazine*,

I try to pick up an issue of the *Circle* each quarter, but I am not always certain where to find it. Usually there is a stack at Haley Center, but last spring I never saw one. Where can I be certain to find a copy?

Ariel M. Pilot
04EG

Ariel, The Circle is distributed at Haley Center, Foy Union, and the Library, and in some cases to particular departmental buildings. If you can not find one, or would like to pick up a back-issue of the Circle, please come by our office in The Publication's suite, Basement of Foy Union. (Down the steps on the left from War-Eagle Cafeteria, and then to the right.)

-The Editor -

Editor, *Circle Magazine*,

I wanted to congratulate you and your staff for the Spring '93 issue. I felt that it was a tribute to the Auburn Community, upholding the fundamental Christian Values of our community and campus, as well as promoting the Auburn image, both to ourselves and the surrounding community. I particularly liked the picture of the tiger in the table of contents, and especially the article on country music, which I found to be informative and entertaining. I'm glad that another article on the eagle was run, I am always curious as to the health of our mascot. However, I did not care much for the poetry, especially the selection by Mr. Ehlinger, whose work I would consider subversive and perverse. Please tone down your poetry selection in the future.

Darryl K. Fisherson
02ME

Corrections and Apologies

The *Circle* would like to apologize to Dina Smith, whose story in our previous issue was mistitled. It was printed as: *God's Finger Touched Her and She Fell Asleep*. It should have read: *God's Finger Touched Her and She Slept*. We apologize, Dina, for our grave mistake.

Wynne Johnson was listed in the previous issue as the Assistant Editor, which is incorrect. She should have been listed as Business Manager. We apologize, Wynne; we know you can do better than that.

The *Circle* extends our full apologies and retractions to Perrin Ehlinger, who was not the Design Assistant for the previous issue, and never should have been associated as such, as he had nothing to do with the design or layout of the previous issue whatsoever. We apologize, Perrin; we do not doubt your abilities.

The *Circle* does not apologize to Ian McShane, who accused us of doctoring his pictures to include the image of Elvis shadowed in an oil slick. We are unaware of any such activities, and we do not have the facilities available to do such doctoring, anyway. However, having seen the photograph in question, we do agree that the image in the oil slick does bear the resemblance of Elvis, which is either merely by chance, or of course, was placed there through some miracle or Presley intervention. We do not accept responsibility.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to:

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Auburn University, AL 36849

Letters over 500 words in length may be edited for brevity. Any comments or topics of discussion are welcome to be addressed, and barring profanity, no letters will be edited per bias.



Untitled
Gail Elser
Oil on Canvas

To Matter

by Marie Smith

His back hurt from being slumped against this building while he slept for... how many hours? He could not guess. He didn't really care. This afternoon was the same as the one before, and the one before that. He guessed it was afternoon, he didn't know for sure because he pawned his watch long ago... or was it stolen? Didn't matter, really. Tomorrow would be the same as today.

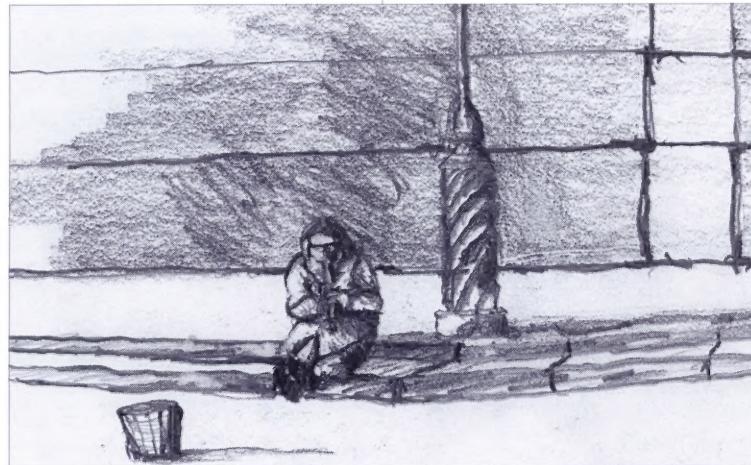
His breath and hands smelled of "Wild Irish Rose" and the rest of him didn't smell too pleasant either. A shower would be nice, he thought to himself. The last time he had bathed was three days ago, when a maid had mistakenly left a vacant room door open at the "Admiral Semmes" motel, and he had taken the opportunity to bathe and take a long nap on a clean bed. But that was three days ago, and today his back hurt and his head throbbed. He dug his hand into the pocket of his grease, dirt, and God-knows-what-else stained Wrangler jeans, and produced 35 cents. He was richer today than yesterday.

The sun was hot, and he squinted his eyes to look at it. Air conditioning... every car had it that passed him on Government Street. When was the last time he had felt that cool breeze, or had ridden in a car?

Two men in business suits approached, laughing and conversing among themselves. They acted as if they did not see him uncomfortably hunched against the Greyhound bus station. He was as everyday to them as a "USA Today" newsstand, or a hot-dog vendor on the street. The man pulled his knees to his chest for fear the conversing businessmen would trip over his legs as they passed. He could hear the soles of their shoes tap almost in unison as they briskly returned to their jobs, careers, or lives. It didn't matter where the men were going, or where they had been. Nothing mattered.

He outstretched his legs, kicking the empty bottle of cheap wine. It spun around and around. The neck of the bottle pointed to him, almost accusingly. Leaning forward, he could see his reflection on the smooth glass surface, and he noticed that his shoulder-length hair was definitely in need of a cut and his unshaven face could use a razor. Thirty-five cents. That would buy a whole lot in the way of personal grooming.

Angrily, he kicked the bottle, and it bounced off the curb into the street, where it shattered. A car swerved out of the way of the broken glass, and the car to its left honked angrily. He smiled to himself. Someone had noticed what he had done, and it gave him a kind of satisfaction. For that one moment, something he had done mattered. Just for a moment.



He heard the sound of bus engines as they approached the terminal. This was the highlight of his day, and the most miserable. He would watch as people filled the station anxious to leave, or to receive their friends, family and loved ones. He liked to watch people, it was the only pleasure he could afford besides an occasional bottle of wine or whiskey. But it also made him lonely. These people had somewhere to go. They had friends to meet. They had family to return to. They would fill the Greyhound Station, and line up outside in front of him, careful not to get to close to him... as if his miserable predicament was contagious, or he carried some kind of infectious disease. They were them and he was him. Their stares and conversations would pass by him as they always did, as one day passed to the next.

Among the line of people who stood in front of him was a man, just an ordinary man of ordinary height and average build, with black hair that was neatly combed to the left side. In his right hand he held two bus tickets,



and in his left, the hand of a small boy who was staring at the man on the street.

At first, the tired man felt uncomfortable in the small boy's gaze, but the feeling passed when he understood that the boy's eyes reflected curiosity and interest, rather than disgust. The boy held in his free hand two suckers; one of which he was sucking on and the other unopened. The man recognized the suckers as "Blow Pops," something he used to enjoy as a child. He smiled as he remembered it, and seeing this the small boy smiled back.

Removing his hand from his father's (who seemed to be absorbed in his own thoughts, and didn't notice), the boy approached the man crouched in the shadow of the station. For a moment, the man thought that the child would taunt him, but surprisingly, the child offered him his unopened sucker. He took the sucker, appreciatively, and the boy returned to his father's side. He

replaced his hand in his father's grasp, minus one sucker.

The poor man watched as a moment later the child tugged insistently at his father's sleeve. The father knelt beside the son, and the man could see the father regard his son intently. The boy looked at the man, and the father stood up to follow his son's gaze. The father looked at the man, and then again at his son. The bus line had advanced almost to the door of the terminal, and soon the father and son would be inside the cool, air conditioned building. Pausing a moment before stepping inside, the father suddenly stepped outside the line, taking his son by the hand. The line advanced without him and his son.

Excusing himself through the waiting people, the father walked over to where the man sat, still holding the unopened "Blow Pop." The father reached into his back pocket, and pulled out his wallet. He opened it as he knelt beside his son, produc-

ing a single twenty dollar bill and handing it to the boy. The boy smiled as he received the money from his father and turned to the tired man.

The father looked on trustingly, as the filthy man stood to receive the money he had given to his son. The man smiled kindly at the boy, and then to the father. The man and the boy exchanged words which were inaudible to the father, except for a "Thank you." The father checked his watch and called to his son. The boy hurriedly rejoined his father as they were the last of the line to enter the station. Neither looked back at the man as they passed through the glass doors into the building.

The man stared at his right hand, which held the "Blow Pop," and the left hand, which held the twenty dollar bill. He shoved the bill into the pocket of his jeans, and began to whistle to himself as he unwrapped the sucker. He walked away from the Greyhound Bus Station with a sucker in his mouth, money in his pocket, and a new feeling in his chest. He had mattered to someone, and someone had mattered to him. For the first time since he could remember, he felt good, really good. He had mattered.

As the Greyhound bus pulled out of the downtown Mobile terminal, headed for Atlanta, the boy, still holding his sucker, gazed out the window from his seat. He watched as the man walked away, out of sight, into the other passing people on the sidewalk. Putting down the sports section of his "Mobile Press Register," the father turned to his son and said, "Ricky, what do you think that man was going to do with the money you gave him?" Ricky turned to his father, and removing the sucker from his mouth before he spoke, said, "Dad, that man told me he was going to get a haircut."

A Path in Winter

*Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
Che la dirrita via era smarrita
-Inferno 1.2-3*

Winter darkness drifts down
Swirls among the thick, cold air
Settling upon the wreckage strewn
Forest floor as a heavy snow
Slides from weakened branches
In clumps of alabaster excrement
Onto rust-ravaged hulls
Of automobiles partly exhumed
By eroding *terra firma* -
The gods have become disillusioned;
That path barely discernible,
Overgrown for lack of use,
The journey twice as hard;
The dead verdure like intertwined thorns
Cuts and tears at the skin
And intersecting highways
Like great gaping gashes
Through the dark wood
Promise to take us no where fast
With convenient connections
To all major cities;

*Le petit garçon sans cours
Joue dans le caniveau
Il pleut a vérse, le boue est lourde
Couler dans le côteau.*

Saint Michaels Cathedral, a homeless vagrant
Sprawled beneath the night sky
Dreamt of lost apostolic grandeur
Unnoticed by passers-by;
Alive in death, unchanged though transformed
Its haunting whispers persistently silent,

“Who do you?”
Interrupted by the sounds of horns,
“Who do you say?”
The sirens scream a block away;
“Who do you say I am?”
The bestial man, the sculpted tawny mane,
Shouting to the woman across the street
“Who do you think you are!”
She with blue eye shadow, lace stockings
Bleached hair crawling down her back
Digitus Impudus erect, screaming
“Go to hell, Leo!”
As the angels sing *Deus, venerunt*
From the gray basilica.
A police car crawls along,
Brightly blazoned hull,
Its display a distraction
Its presence an attraction
The authoritative voice sounding dull,
Trickling out of the window;
It rose into the cold night air
Dissipated into dark, disorderly chaos
While the woman strutted along
Trying to look away.
Tha firinn ceisteach
A vagary in the vacuity
Of a caliginous alleyway
Where the homeless man
With the grease and mud
Splattered trench coat
Urinates on an abandoned building;
Apocalyptic testament
Questa selva selvaggia ed aspra e forte:
God created the world and separated himself from it;
And the neon sign raised on high
Shone above Congress St.
Seemed to say:
Abandon All Hope Ye Who Enter Here.

Maury McCrillis, III
(a selection from *Anns a' Choille Dorcha*)

What do Students Want?

Essay by Herbert Rotfeld
Associate Professor of Marketing

I was just wondering. . . .

What if Auburn University remained open but stopped holding classes? Students would still register, talk with faculty (if they wanted to do so), but would never attend classes for course credit. They would still declare majors and, after four years of paying tuition, they would receive a degree they could show to parents, employers and friends.

Would many students care?

This is a tad heavy-handed, and maybe unfair to the diligent students among you. But I am often wondering what students want from their educations. I know what faculty say they should have, but what do students want?

Originally, a choice of a major was nothing more than a student's decision to focus on one area of study besides gaining the broad intellectual growth of a university education. Today's students often lament the difficulty of choosing a major because they believe that to choose a major course of study is to choose a career for the rest of their lives. Most people change careers, not just jobs, several times, yet students steadfastly believe that the choice of a major is the choice for their life.

And this does not just mean Auburn students; friends at other universities agree that such a view is not uncommon. Unfortunately, it is also misleading.

Have you ever asked about the placement rate for your programs' graduates? Or do you just ask about types of jobs that some graduates might hope to fill?

Vocational schools must publish their placement rates for graduates; to recruit students, they must reveal what percentage of people completing the program find jobs. While universities will report graduation rates of athletes and local crime rates, most do not track their bachelors degree graduates. What students do not realize (and often are not told) is that most undergraduate programs offer "professional" undergraduate degrees in areas where the degree is neither necessary nor sufficient for a job in the field.

Admittedly, some jobs are licensed professions, closed-shop guilds for which only "proper" college graduates might be certified. But such jobs are a minority of bachelor degree majors. Nationally, about 50% of college graduates never work in areas related to their majors.

There exist dozens of examples of business majors who could not land a job because they came across as dullards at the interview, not knowing much beyond courses' textbook content and football scores. Some might not retain a job because they were unable to answer a business decision that came across their desk that was not in multiple choice form. I once saw a letter

from a top journalism graduate who lost his job after being assigned to the science beat, writing to his former teacher at Penn State: "I wish I paid better attention in BiSci 4 [a general education required science course], but I never thought I'd need to know that stuff again."

A student recently asked me if she was taking the "right" courses for her future career in advertising. When I told her that, for the most part, the courses themselves did not matter, she said that maybe she should major in _____ so it would be easier to get a good GPA. I was trying to tell her that she should broaden her perspectives, learn new ideas and ways to analyze information. But instead, since I said she should study what interests her, she said she would opt for the easiest route to a high GPA.

I have heard such comments before from a variety of students, but such a view makes education a very strange commodity: the "customers" want as little as possible for the money. Students pay for the privilege to "learn" here, or so I am told, but even award-winning teachers in some departments tell me that daily class attendance might run as low as 60-70% during the quarter. Many students freely admit that they would often prefer the easy A or B in a low work-load course whose classes they need not attend, to a more difficult



Do these student's realize they need more than a degree for a job? Do they even care?

(but interesting) course in which they would have to work harder for a C.

Do students want course credit with minimal effort? Do you prefer a rigorous thought-provoking education or something else?

Maybe the problem is that too many students are "sold" a college degree program not by what they will learn or study, but instead, the jobs that the graduates try to fill. As a result, the educational content of programs are considered almost trivial to many students and the students come to believe that what the degree says is more important than how much they learn.

What students do not realize (and often are not told) is that most undergraduate programs offer "professional" undergraduate degrees in areas where the degree is neither necessary nor sufficient for a job in the field.

How else can you explain the following actual complaints from faculty members' student evaluations over the past few years:

+ "My grade was unfairly hurt by my inability (sic) to write."

+ "I was not motivated by always having my ideas challenged."

+ "I would recommend this course only to a friend who likes to read."

+ "I did not like being asked about the readings before the instructor told me the answers of what parts we should know for exams."

+ "It was unfair that my grade was not as high as it might have been if I had scored better when writing answers on test exams or typing the writing for doing term papers. I think not that my grade might be pulled down if the instructor has difficulty understanding what I meant to say."

Some students tell me they will not recommend a course to friends because they "only recommend easy courses" and will not take another course from a rigorous teacher saying that they "need a rest."

A successful businessman once told me that today's students aren't properly "trained" to succeed in business. When asked what sort of training they lack, he explained that he was referring to basic skills in logic, problem analysis, writing and mathematics, and he would also appreciate it if they had a basic understanding of the surrounding world. Similarly, a friend related that she finds graduates of "professional" undergraduate degree programs unable to write a simple sentence. She said, "I just wish I did not have to deal with so many people who think that existing through a few classes entitles them to a job."

The students' goals should be to expand their minds, experience new ideas and develop "skills" to write and think clearly. Regardless of your major, employers primarily place value in graduates' ability to think and communicate. Or so I think!

Are you getting what you want from college?



The Enemy

by Marie G. Hodges

A

llen Ward arrived at the King's Club half an hour early on the night of his 42nd birthday. In his pocket were the papers that finalized his divorce. He had received them in the afternoon mail, and even though he had been the one to end the marriage, he still couldn't believe that it was over.

Many things seemed unreal to Allen these days. It was as if he were outside of his body, watching himself doing things that he couldn't explain. Allen needed to talk, and he had thought of his friend Larry Mozell. He and Larry had been close those first years after they had returned from Vietnam, but it had been over a year since they had seen each other, and two since they had met at the club.

"I don't think we should go there," Larry replied on the phone, when Allen had suggested the King's Club. "Not many white people go there anymore."

"So?" Allen had said. "You'll fit in and I won't. Big deal."

Allen had been able to hear Larry's kids in the background and the clatter of dishes and silverware as the table was being set. "Dinner is ready," Allen heard Larry's wife say, and it had seemed to Allen that he could smell the pot roast and fresh bread that Larry's wife was famous for.

"Listen Allen, I have to go," Larry had said. "I still don't think it's a good idea, but I'll meet you at the club at nine-thirty anyway."

Allen ordered a beer at the bar and sat on one of the wooden stools to wait. He remembered when he and Larry used to come to the King's Club to listen to the local groups that played the protest songs of the 60's and 70's. The crowd had been a mixture then of civilians and veterans, blacks and whites, and no one had taken notice of Allen and Larry as they sat drinking beer and talking.



Allen was the only white person in the bar tonight, however, and he suddenly became aware of a guy watching him from across the room.

The guy was young and stood with a group of three others near the pool tables. He was leaning against the wall, one foot cocked up, and something about him seemed at once both familiar and foreboding to Allen. The young man rested his bottle of beer on his upraised leg, and in the light of the bare bulb that hung above him, Allen could see the man's dark eyes. "Jesus Christ," Allen thought as he looked at the man, "this guy hates me."

Allen turned back to his beer and remembered the look on his wife's face the day he had left her. Her face had been as solemn as the man's face across the room, and though she had tried not to cry, he had seen the traces of tears on her pale skin.

"No," he had said when she had asked if he was seeing another woman. "I don't know," he had said when she asked why he had stopped loving her. He only knew that he had awakened one morning no longer able to deny that his feelings for her had changed. It was one of the things that he couldn't explain, but it seemed to Allen that it was tied up somehow with his dreams about Vietnam.

He hadn't had the dreams about Vietnam in years, but they had mysteriously begun again, replacing the dreams of his life with Sally and haunting his thoughts in the daytime, too. The dreams were filled with the faces of the Vietnamese people, brown faces that were different from his own, faces that he didn't recognize until he came across one that was darker and more beautiful than the rest. "Larry," he thought in his dream, but the face would change as Allen looked into it, becoming as indistinct as the others. Allen would awake from the dream in a sweat.

Allen ordered another beer. A vibrating pulse of

music came from the jukebox as the group standing around it put in quarter after quarter. Allen listened to the unfamiliar songs by groups like Ice T and 2 Live Crew; they seemed so different from the songs of the 60's and 70's, and Allen felt he was in a place where he didn't belong. He looked at his watch. It was ten fifteen and Larry still hadn't arrived. Larry was always late, a habit that had gotten both he and Allen into trouble, but it had also saved their lives—like that day in Vietnam.

Allen and Larry's squad had been following a small band of Viet Cong that day. Intelligence had gotten word that a large North Vietnamese headquarters had been established in a village south of Da Nang. The squad had been sent to find it and they were hoping the V.C. would lead them in close enough to be able to radio its location back to the command post. Larry had stopped to relieve himself, and Allen had waited for him. The delay had put them a few minutes behind the rest of the squad and Larry had said, "Shit, I guess I'll be late again," as they tried to catch up. But being late brought them luck that day in 1968. The rest of the squad caught the full force of the ambush and most were killed or taken prisoner. Larry and Allen were far enough behind, though, to be able to escape into the underbrush.

They had spent days lost in the forest near the Laos border. They took turns sleeping and watching for the enemy and finally made it back to their command post. Allen and Larry never talked about it during the rest of their tour, but something had grown between them, something that went beyond friendship. They had come to depend upon each other and neither could name the love that now connected them, but Allen thought about it often, wanting to understand the changes that had come over him during those three days that

they were lost. He finally came to think of their relationship as something like faith, and he wondered if this was what it meant to know God.

"Hey, white boy," someone said. "Aren't you in the wrong place?" Allen turned on his barstool to look behind him. It was the guy who had been watching him from across the room.

"What's happening, man," Allen said.

"Not you, white boy," the man replied.

Allen turned back to the bar and tried to ignore him. But the room had become quiet and he could feel the tension as if something hard and

**... they stood in the dripping rain,
their faces black and hard like the
pavement he lay on.**

solid was pressing on his back.

The man gave Allen a push. "I said, I think you're in the wrong place."

Allen turned to face the man. "What's this about?" Allen asked.

"You're a white boy," the man said.

"We're all brothers," Allen began, but the impact of the punch threw him hard against the top of the bar before he could say anything more.

It was a few minutes before Allen could stand up, but he stumbled to his feet and looked the man in the eyes. "Let's take this outside," he said.

The parking lot was newly surfaced and the rain gave the asphalt the shine of patent leather. A crowd had followed them out and stood in a ring around them. Allen got in the second punch, but the man was younger and in better shape and soon Allen lay on the pavement, blood coming from his nose and mouth. He looked at the people that surrounded him; they stood in the dripping rain, their faces black and hard like the pavement he lay on. He was

dizzy and he tried to see the eyes of each person as he looked around the ring of dark faces. One face seemed familiar. "Larry," Allen thought, but the recognition faded as quickly as it had come.

It was Larry that was kneeling beside Allen, but Allen was no longer able to see the faces surrounding him.

"You know this white boy?" someone asked as people began to move away from them. "Bitch," the man said to Larry as the crowd made their way back into the bar.

Larry and Allen were the only two left behind in the parking lot. The rain began to come down harder

and it seemed to Allen that it fell from the night sky like the monsoons in Vietnam. He was disoriented.

The sound of the rhythmic music coming from the bar matched the blood pounding in his head. "Choppers," he thought. He tried to shake the sound from his ears, but it grew louder as the same fear, the one from his dreams, rose in his memory.

"Allen," Larry asked. "Are you O.K.?"

Allen heard the voice, but the pulsating sound in his head made the words seem short and foreign to him.

"Who are you?" Allen said. He tried to raise his head from the pavement as if that would make the words clearer. He looked at Larry, silhouetted against the night sky. He could see Miami's palms and banana trees blowing in the storm behind Larry's head. It seemed to Allen that they thrashed as if stirred by the winds from the blades of the choppers. There was something familiar in the tree and in Larry's words, something that seemed to come from the sound of the rain and the music and his dreams and it broke through the roaring in his head.

"Are you the enemy?" he asked.

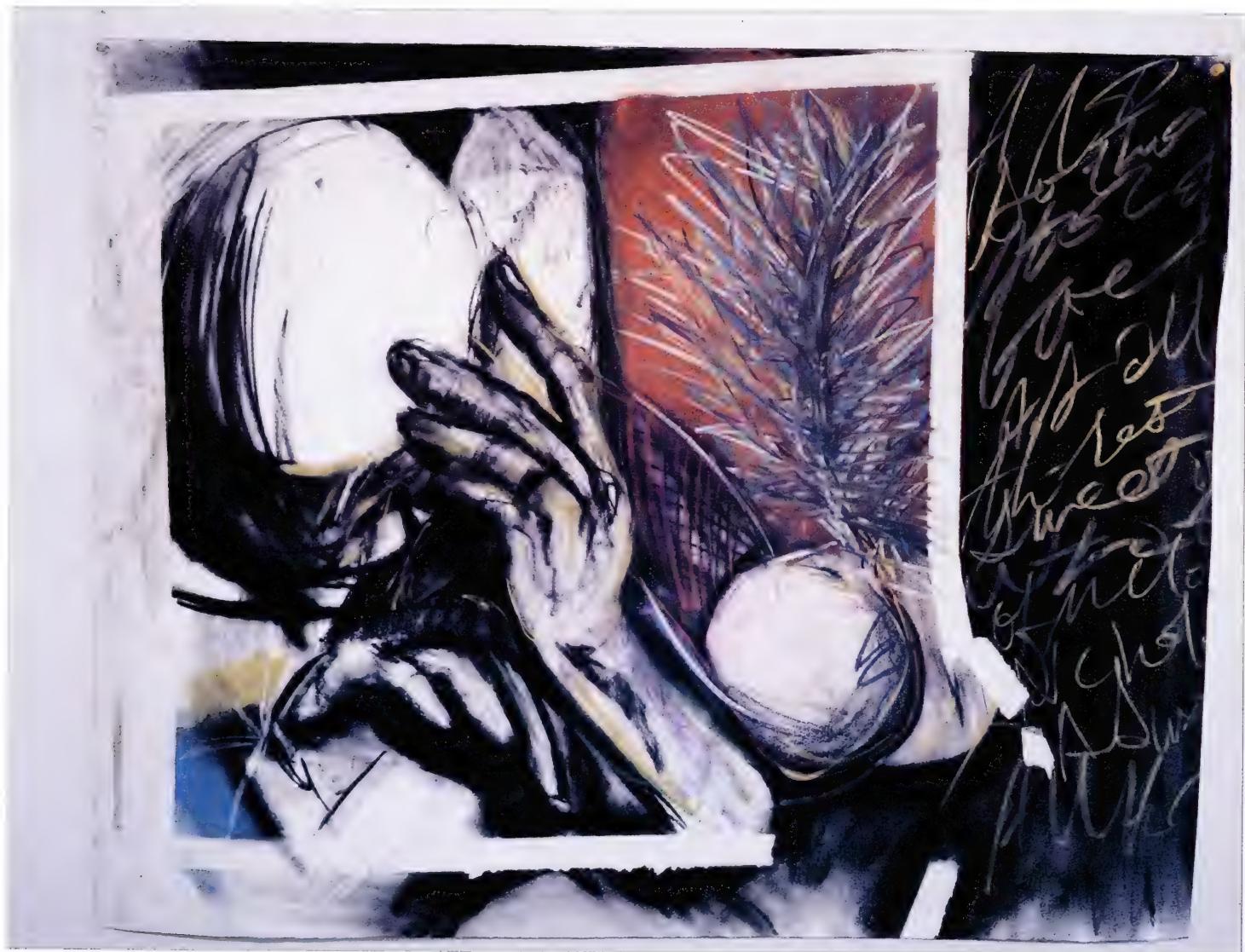


Roly-Poly Heaven

An expired hydrangea stalk stands
in a rusty kettle
Out in my back yard.
Roly-Polies ascend
with muttered resolve
twining slowly
one after the other
Up the steep smooth stalk
to the folded dry blossoms
Clustered crisp and tan
and demure as veils.

And the roly-polies trudge,
And I think they must dream
of being reborn
GIANT
and in multitudes
with oil black shells
dripping majestic
On great milky lotus petals -
The munching rulers of a clear blue silence.

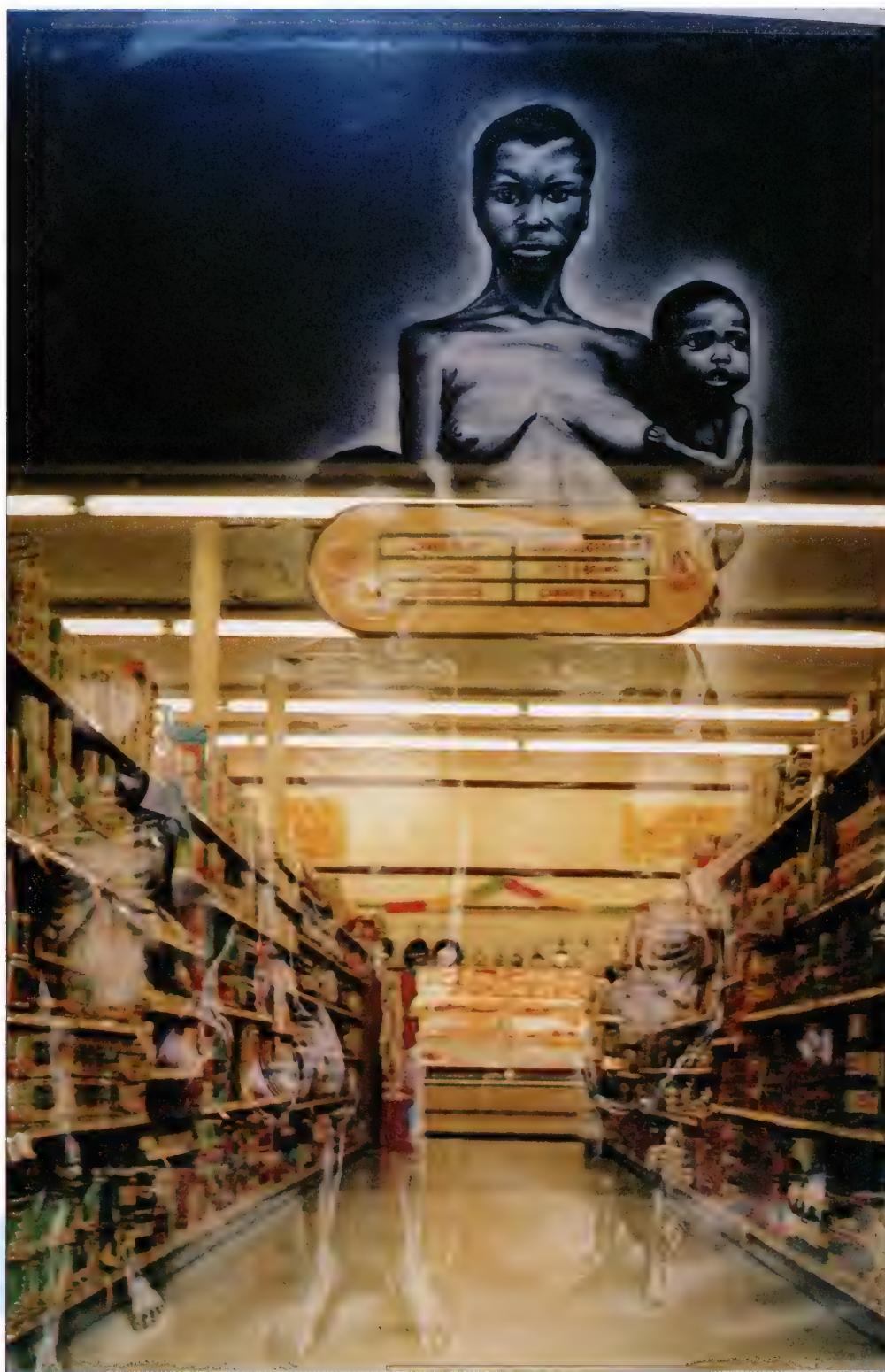
Julian Leslie Whatley



Untitled
Artist Unknown
Mixed Media

Gallery

Mohammad Dolatabadi



Untitled
Mixed Media



Untitled
Watercolor



Untitled
Watercolor

ONE YEAR LATER

Article by Jennifer S. Trible
Photography by Clint Clark

Here we are, back to school. Back once again to books and classes, roommates and friends, football games and band parties. We're lucky to be back at school - in Auburn, in our own world.

We find, however, that it is more difficult as we become adults to ignore and escape the realities that exist outside of our campus life. Each day, the world is becoming an even smaller place, as national and international news reaches our dorm rooms and apartments each day, describing tribulations of people just like us.

And we're even more lucky that we have the opportunity to meet students from all over the country, bringing back their own stories and news. Through our contacts here, we further realize that none of us are immune to life's forces. We learn that we are even more human than we thought.

This summer, I worked as an intern at a newspaper in Homestead, Fla., an area that was hit hardest by Hurricane Andrew in 1992. After writing countless articles about the storm and its victims, after seeing the absolute destruction one year after the storm, after listening to heart-breaking stories, I'm still unable to fathom the devastation of the people of South Florida. I am only able to appreciate the strength and determination that I witnessed.

On Aug. 24, 1992, a hurricane named Andrew ripped through South Florida with 165 mph of sustained winds and gusts estimated at 200 mph, destroying houses, buildings and trees and most importantly, transforming lives.





Naranja Lake Community, seen from the turnpike on the way to the Keys. It's a sight that makes everyone who passes stop and remember Andrew like it was yesterday.

For years, hurricane experts had been worrying about a storm of this magnitude hitting a heavily populated area. Fortunately, Andrew missed Miami. But Hurricane Andrew didn't spare South Florida.

Hurricane Andrew was one of the strongest hurricanes in U.S. history. It has also been determined that Andrew was the most costly natural disaster this country has ever experienced. Remarkably, the price was not paid in human lives. As a direct or indirect result of the storm, 38 people died. In terms of property destruction, however, Hurricane Andrew changed the face of South Florida forever.

Statistics provided by Federal Emergency Management Agency (FEMA) tell the story:

- * \$30 billion in property damage;
- * 25,000 homes destroyed;
- * 100,000 homes damaged;
- * 175,000 people left homeless;
- * \$22 billion losses to the region's economy;
- * 8,000 businesses destroyed or damaged.

Figures alone do not reveal the full agony and despair brought on by Andrew. It's a storm that no one will forget, particularly those who continue to recover from its aftermath.

The following are accounts by Auburn students and alumni whose lives were transformed by the greatest natural disaster to befall this nation.

The father of an Auburn student from Miami summarized it best:

"1992 revolved around five hours in one day... Aug. 24. We don't remember much of 1992 before Hurricane Andrew changed our lives."

Clint Clark, 04JM, was traveling the West Coast with a fraternity brother last August when he was informed by relatives that his parents were boarding up their South Florida home and evacuating the neighborhood. Having lived through countless uneventful hurricane seasons, Clint called his mother, Anita, and father, Chico, to confirm the seriousness of the situation.

No one was prepared for Andrew.

Clint's parents had attached storm shutters to their windows, secured their house-boat and objects outside the house and evacuated to a relative's home 100 blocks away.

"We bid the house farewell with the thought we would see it in the morning, fully expecting to return to - at most - no pool screen," Chico recalled.

As the winds began to blast that Monday morning, the family huddled in one room, listening to the tremendous wind and cracking of trees outside. At nearly 3 a.m., the electricity went out, but they were able to remain informed with a battery-oper-

ated television. At 4 a.m., television stations, operating on emergency power, reported that wind velocity instrumentation had been lost, and the storm was veering as expected.

Five hours after the storm began, it was over. But it was only the beginning.

Despite warnings to stay inside, Chico ventured out to survey the damage. The roads were nearly impassable.

"The closer we got to the house, the more apparent the devastation was," he said seriously.

"The streets were flooded four to five inches, and trees and wires were down everywhere. Roofs were blown open, and most houses had neither windows nor doors, so we were extremely apprehensive as we rounded the last turn to our house."

The Clark's two-story house on the bay had experienced an exceptionally high tidal surge that rose steadily for one hour, reaching 17 feet above sea level. The entire lower floor of the house was under seven feet of sea water. When the water receded two hours later, all of the storm debris and all of the contents of the lower floor simply floated out of the house, some things never to be seen again.

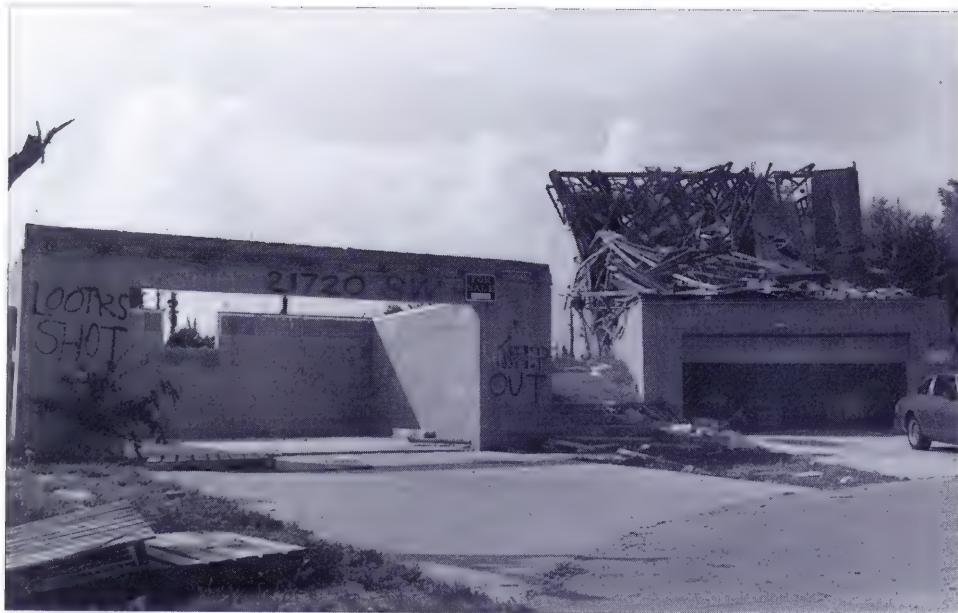
According to the Clarks, most of their possessions either sank or floated to the end of the marina.

Seconds after we stopped, the door blew in. Then, we wondered if we were going to survive...

"We found the coffee table a block away on a neighbor's lawn and in it was the much-stuck-together and ruined wedding album. We hadn't looked at it in months, but now if we wanted to, well...," Chico said in a low voice.

Some items were never found: Anita's piano, a collection of Danish china, the kitchen sink and the kitchen counters and bar.

The hurricane caused them \$400,000 worth of damage.



This empty shell was someone's home. The spray-painted messages tell insurance adjustors where to go and looters to beware.

In a Christmas letter sent by the Clarks in April - after months of living in a motor home parked in the back yard, after months of cleaning up and throwing away, the family concludes:

“Although we lost virtually all of our 20 plus years’ accumulation of personal items, we are truly blessed that we’re not as bad off as many neighbors and friends.”

Clint arrived seven days after the storm. His first impression of the

devastated area is still a vivid memory. “My room on the first floor had collected 2 1/2 feet of seaweed. My photography collection that I worked on since I was 14 was ruined.

“I was crushed,” he described. “There really are no words to describe what I saw or how I felt. Everything was gone.”

Russell Garrison, 04HRM, was also out of state when Andrew struck his home. “I was in Auburn finishing



Many South Floridians chose to take their insurance money and leave after the hurricane. Once bustling and beautiful neighborhoods are now speckled with abandoned, decaying houses.

my last day of exams when I got the news about the storm,” Russell said.

The Garrison’s house was in the final stages of being sold, and the agreement was to be signed Friday, a week after the storm. Fortunately, all of the Garrison’s belongings had been moved to their new home in Vero Beach, Fla., the week before.

Eleven people sought refuge in the Garrison’s house. “My dad had made these specialized shutters for each window years before. We were the only house in the neighborhood really prepared.”

Though the eye of the hurricane missed the house, deadly winds caused major damage to the roof and frightened the people inside.

When Russell arrived in Miami six days later, he worked to help his parents clean up. “We stayed in the house, and it was sort of like camping out because there was no electricity. We had to use flashlights, and we went to bed when the sun went down.”

The damage to the house was \$24,000, and the Garrisons were able to complete the sale after repairs were made. Russell is thankful that his parents planned to move out of the area.

“It was lucky that my folks could escape to Vero Beach. We felt sorry for the people who stayed. One year later, most people were still in bad shape, both physically with their homes and psychologically.”

Russell says he will always remember seeing the hurricane-flattened area with the leafless palm trees and roofless buildings and homes. “It was shocking to see that the area that I grew up in had all changed overnight. Nothing will ever be the same there again.”

Auburn alumni Jay and Jodi Hancock had just moved into their first home in South Miami two days before Andrew hit. Though they weren’t completely unpacked, the house had just been painted and carpet installed.

The day prior to the hurricane, they evacuated to Jodi's parent's home, also in the target area. Jay remembers waking up to howling winds at 2 a.m. "We all went into the hallway, away from the doors and windows. We really didn't think it was going to be as bad as it was. We even tried mopping up the water as it came in. Seconds after we stopped, the door blew in. Then, we wondered if we were going to survive.

"Two hours seemed like a lifetime. We all sat quietly, just listening to a radio. At 7 a.m., the sky still overcast, the storm was over. When we looked outside, we couldn't believe what we saw," Jay said, still stunned.

Two days later, Jay and Jodi tried to go home. It took hours to go 40 blocks. "We drove in and out of trees and debris. When we got within five blocks, we had to walk. Most of

the houses on the street had completely lost their roofs."

Jay and Jodi lost one-third of their own roof, and their home was uninhabitable for seven months.

More saddening for the family was the loss of Jodi's grandmother who died of heart failure the night of the storm. She had been hospitalized

1992 revolved around the five hours in one day... August 24. We don't remember much of 1992 before hurricane Andrew changed our lives.

for cancer, and when the patients in the hospital were evacuated for safety reasons, Jodi's grandmother suffered tremendous stress and died.

Jay, a 1987 graduate in business, and Jodi, 1988 accounting graduate, say they are stronger for having lived through such a tragic event. They learned to live without

power and water for four weeks. They learned how to rebuild their home. Most of all, they learned to appreciate their lives together even more. "This experience really enriched our relationship a lot," Jay admits.

Jay, who is minister to adults at the First Baptist Church in Perrine, Fla., says his job has allowed him to help others who were left desperate after Andrew.

Jay and Jodi say they are grateful for the support of Auburn friends and alumni, Tobin Wolverton and Alan Kumpf, who contacted them and brought down a truckload of food and water to help not only their friends, but also the devastated community.

The Hancocks, like most South Florida residents, admit they could not have survived immediately after

Man and Nature Collide

As Hurricane Andrew victims recover, people in the Mid-West face their own problems.

by Jennifer Trible

Despite the endless days of bagging levees and praying for the waters to recede, flood victims across the Midwest find no relief.

Flooding that began at the beginning of June in the upper Mississippi and Missouri river basins has killed 41 people, caused at least \$10 billion in damage, flooded more than 16,000 square miles of farmland and damaged at least 19,000 homes.

The biggest blow came when flood waters took over a water purification plant in Des Moines, Iowa, leaving 250,000 residents without water.

Members of the 1200th Quartermaster Battalion of the Alabama National Guard were called in to combat the problem.

"Our primary goal was to provide water to the major hospitals in the area," said Lt. Anthony Kyles, who was in charge of the 49 guard members.

... many farmers are looking at a total loss of income for 1993.

The "water boys" from Alabama had water completely restored to the hospitals in less than 48 hours after they arrived July 12.

"Before these guys from Alabama came, we were relying on trucks bringing water to us. We couldn't get near the water we needed to operate. We were in a real emergency situation," said Jim Platt, senior vice president of Mercy Hospital.

"Since the arrival of the Guard, we've been able to completely meet the needs of our patients and to make the hospital available to the community," Mr. Platt said.

Perhaps the worst-off in the continuing situation is the farmer, whose drowned and washed-away crops aren't expected to return for years. Losing acres of plantings, barns, homes, grain storage bins and livestock, many farmers are looking at a total loss of income for 1993.

Meanwhile, others wait for the rains to stop, so they can begin to assess their own losses and to begin the massive chore of cleaning up soggy homes and buildings.

The flood victims of the Midwest are beginning to live the day-by-day struggle to recover and rebuild their lives.

the storm without the generosity and assistance of volunteers and friends.

"The problem was just too big, too overwhelming to face," Jay said in summary.

Even now, one year later, many hurricane survivors wonder how they managed to recover and to rebuild their lives after losing virtually everything.

A bumper sticker said it best, "I survived Hurricane Andrew, but I think the recovery may kill me."

First, there was the problem with looters, and the situation called for drastic measures. Several home and shop owners stood guard outside their window and doorless properties. Many were even armed and prepared to protect all they had left by any means necessary. This reality is evident in the spray-painted messages on houses that exist even today. Two memorable warnings said, "You loot - we eat" and "Armed and drunk."

Fortunately, the Florida and federal government sent in troops from divisions of the National Guard and the U.S. Army. Soldiers not only helped feed long lines of hungry people, their presence created a sense

of peace. Troops reinforced curfews for 81 days following the storm, and they watched over large tents of homeless people as they took refuge in the incredible September heat in tent cities.

Insurance adjustors were the next obstacle and continues to be a struggle for hundreds of people. Nine insurance companies went bankrupt after Hurricane Andrew, and 16,000 insurance policy holders were affected. Insurance companies reported that those who were insured lost an estimate of \$17 billion.

Even more disheartening was the problem of shoddy contractors; people from out-of-state, in many cases, who came to take advantage of the desperate hurricane victims for quick money. Some were not licensed to do general contractor work; others began the work and never returned to finish the job.

Finally, after 12 months, the state and county government is investigating the thousands of complaints against builders and contractors. People who are still trying to rebuild their homes are not sure who they can trust, but they are left with little choice.

The aftermath of Andrew continues to challenge the people determined to remain in South Florida. Lack of child care facilities, damaged hospitals and schools, loss of tax base, decrease in population, federal emergency trailer parks still in use, debris removal (enough debris to fill the Rose Bowl 227 times); the list goes on and on.

It is the mental stress, ultimately, that has truly altered the spirits of many.

One-third of all South Dade County children surveyed by the University of Miami four months after the hurricane were considered clinically depressed. For adults, the daily stress of living nearly doubled. The trauma may never go away for many, the study concluded.

The trauma is most evident during a storm, particularly during the six months of hurricane season. Hurricane Emily in late August caused South Florida residents to relive the tragic event all over again.

Andrew is still everywhere, haunting the hurricane survivors of South Florida. Conversations among friends over lunch deal with who has moved back into the neighborhood and what rebuilding phase the house is in.

Today, traces of the unforgettable storm are still visible. One year is not enough to heal what has happened.

Those who saw the day that Andrew came barreling through town, saw their whole lives reshaped and, in some cases, even removed. The survivors of Hurricane Andrew celebrated the bittersweet one-year anniversary of the hurricane that transformed their world.

This year of rebuilding has taught many to go without, to be prepared, to value what's important and to look toward the future.

One South Florida resident said, "It will never be the same again, but that doesn't mean it can't be better."



Nearly all of the street signs in South Florida blew away. To let construction crews and insurance agents know where to go, homeowners made make-shift signs or spray-painted the walls of their houses.





Self-Portrait
Mohammad Dolatabadi



Secrets
Patrick Espy
Oil on canvas

Ethan

You loved even the subway.
Rotting doors, faded ads,
the way the seats shook at high speeds,
your sneaker lacing dance.
The Seventh Avenue Express
we took it to Washington Square.

In the park Hassids played chess,
glossy linoleum boards
set in concrete tables.
You called the bet
“A five-dollar chess lesson”
an investment.

The sharp nosed men in bowlers
peered at you through dark
curls. Impatiently you pushed
long hair out of your eyes,
sacrificed a pawn,
met theirs;
drinking Orthodox wisdom
and the stories of cities.

A Season of Tinder

Leaves curl
emerge gold, fire edged, smoky brown.
Did I believe only New England trees
would bear vibrant color?

The smell was unmistakable.
Generations of decomposing leaves
dark, thick and loamy
as if earth were closer to the surface.

On Cape Cod, my grandmother,
having stacked up 91 years
like kindling
enjoys her brilliant season.

I call her; tell of
repainted kitchen cabinets,
alien warm weather.
Her smile crackles over phone lines

like applause.
She details her new Isuzu,
Still drives herself around.

When we hang up,
there's the smell of fire
and a gift of piled, crisp leaves.

October 6, 1992

TRANSLATION

Reparación

Nicolas E. Alvarez

A mediados del nuevo siglo, la comunidad mundial apenas había rebasado otra etapa convulsiva. En la Universidad de Princeton, el professor Milton Howard reposaba en su despacho tras haber meditado sus últimas anotaciones. Aún aletargado descolgó el auricular.

— **Doctor Howard.**

— **Sí Señor.**

— **Se ha dispuesto que la nave parta y que se le ofrezca a usted toda clase de facilidades. Espero que su viaje nos sea fructífero.**

— **Gracias. Estoy listo.**

En la pista, al pie del elevador de la nave, lo aguardaban dos consejeros. El sabio los saludó cortésmente y los tres hombres ascendieron al transportador. El viejo profesor se dirigió directamente al compartimiento privado que quebadan al fondo del aparato y se encerró. Tras escasa horas de vuelo la nave aterrizó en Hong Kong.

En el hangar estaba esperándolo una charolada limosina que lo condujo sin pérdida de tiempo a la quinta situada en el copo del la escarpada y solitaria colina, desde la cual se divisaba la dilatada y populosa bahía, y más allá los confines montañosos. El tiempo, apenas lluvioso, permanecía caldeado en estos meses. El exótico jardín que circundaba la residencia palidecía envuelto en una atmósfera serena. Según se detenía el automóvil ante el alto pórtico de la señorial mansión inglesa, la puerta se abrió. Un señor alto y delgado, de pelo cano y finas facciones, vestido en un claro traje de percal, acudió a recibirlo.

— **Bienvenido, doctor Howard. Le dijó mientras le extendía la mano morena al recién llegado.**

— **Encantado de verlo, Professor.**

— **Confío que su viaje haya sido sin novedades. Cenaremos dentro de dos horas. Mañana nos reuniremos a las 6:30 a.m. de acuerdo con lo convenido. Espero que el paraje le parezca tan**

apropiado como a mí. La serenidad propicia el entendimiento y aun la imaginación.

— **Sin duda así lo es.**

— **Entonces, lo veré más tarde.**

Los dos científicos subieron a sus aposentos.

Las sesiones entre ambos emisarios se sucedieron por espacio de dos días. Se reunían en la mañana a la alborada y recesaban a eso de las diez a fin de gustar algún piscolabis. Continuaban al cabo de la hora las prolongadas disquisiciones hasta alrededor de la una de la tarde. Abríase entonces un silencioso hiato. A las nueve se reanudaban los coloquios nocturnos hasta las once. Al día siguiente se celebraría el último.

La comunicación entre ambo sabios había nacido al calor de un proceso de penosa

... la ilusión democrática se había esfumado del todo aun en el puñado de países que alguna vez la pretendieron.

figuración. Durante más de ocho años variados congresos mundiales se habían sucedido en tres continentes con resultados ambiguos. Las contrariedades de la política mundial se habían enconado y la historia parecía hallarse a merced de un tiempo huidizo e inexorable. La libertad hegeliana estaba recluida en empolvados estantes de bibliotecas, en tanto que la ilusión democrática se había esfumado del todo aun en el puñado de países que alguna vez la pretendieron. Esos gobiernos habían salvaguardado las libertades ciudadanas suspendiendo al por mayor los derechos humanos a fin de evitar el holocausto irremediable. La inmensa mayoría de los gobiernos había optado por esa paz humanística; aunque aún quedara por convencer a algunos enclaves extravagantes, empeñados en la insensatez del novecientos. Era, en fin, una cuestión de formulismo; en esencia, la casi totalidad de la comunidad mundial había asentado el nuevo orden universal y los paralelos y meridianos políticos demarcaban con regularidad científica hemisferios de fiera lógica. Residía incluso así en el ánimo de unos pocos hombres excéntricos una le melancolía romántica que sólo alentaban en el más precavido clandestinaje.

— Creo que hemos logrado abarcar grandes proclives ideológicas durante este tiempo. ¿No sé que opinión pueda usted abrigar?

El gabinete en el que los dos hombres conversaban durante su última reunión estaba amueblado victorianamente. Dos sofaes opuestos junto a la estufa servían de acomodo a los cuatro consejeros, mudos espectadores del convivio. Al otro extremo de la habitación, arrellanados en butacas de piel oscura, se sentaban los interlocutores cerca de un ventanal luminoso.

— Me parece que ha resultado más fructífero de lo que esperaba. Hoy mismo habré de informar personalmente al Consejo. Ha de tranquilizarles que hayamos convenido un concordato de inquebrantable uniformidad; al fin se exterminará la extravagante incoherencia que ha carcomido ciertos poderes.

— Eso pienso. Se anunciará la resolución a la par en su hemisferio y en la mancomunidad nuestra. Sólo de tal forma el ser humano habrá de sosegarse sin riesgo de extraviar su continuidad.

— Dígame, Profesor Sahni. Ya que todo ha quedado definitivamente concluido, permítame el proponerle una cuestión sofística a tenor de mera curiosidad intelectual. ¿Qué ha dado lugar, en su estimación, a ello?

El anciano de inmaculadas vestimentas miró fijamente al norteamericano:

— Estimo que la respuesta la tiene usted en esos dos espejos que se reflejan encontrados... — Y señaló al que él tenía delante colgado en la pared, y que el Profesor Howard podía ver por el otro que también colgaba de la pared opuesta del gabinete.

— ¿No le parece?

— Por mi parte, asimismo quisiera que me disculpara el que consulte su parecer — tras lo cual transcurrió un rato sin que el Profesor Sahni pronunciara palabra alguna. Al fin,

dijo:

— ¿Cuál podrá ser la evolución social del futuro?

Tras un instante de reflexión, contestó el norteamericano.

— Sobrevivirán, a no dudarlo, algunos resabios perniciosos por algún tiempo, en tanta que los pueblos se reajusten a los pormenores. Lo que cuenta es el beneficio global. Habremos de vivir más rápidamente, trabajar con labor. Sugiero que nuestro pueblo siempre ha sido diligente y ahora lo será más. Parece inconcebible que se haya vivido tan largamente en el vacío.

De improviso, se oyó un toque quedo en la puerta de la pieza. Uno de los consejeros se incorporó a abrirla. Tras un momento, un sirviente se adelantó unos pasos para informar que había llegado el doctor Nukum Okyere, quien solicitaba ser recibido. Los dos sabios se miraron sin pronunciar palabra. En lo profundo de sus inteligencias se había desatado una sensación de inquietud. El anciano de ropas blancas, sin dirigirse a su colega, salió de inmediato del gabinete. A los pocos minutos entró acompañado del doctor Okyere.

— Buenos días — saludó el recién llegado. Siento no haberles avisado de mi viaje apropiadamente, pero traigo un mensaje urgente que hasta anoch no se aprobó.

El profesor Howard se había adelantado a estrechar la mano del nuncio inesperado, diciéndole:

— Nos place su presencia, por supuesto. Aunque como bien ha mencionado usted no la esperábamos. Venga a sentarse con nosotros. Díganos si se le ofrece algo.

El doctor Okyere era de mediana estatura, tez negra, un rostro alargado y surcado por arrugas, vestía una túnica roja y su cabeza la recubría un tocado circular de color carmesí. Sus ojos eran de un negro penetrante y brillaban felinamente.

— Gracias — contestó —, pero no la deseo nada.

— Pues, bien — dijo el professor Sahni — estamos ansiosos de conocer el motivo de su presencia. Y mirando hacia los cuatro consejeros que permanecían de pie cerca de la estufa les insinuó que se retiraran.

El doctor Okyere se sentó en otra butaca, configurando los tres hombres una especie de triángulo, le cuya base descansaba en el ventanal.

— A pesar de que a mí no se me ha invitado a participar en esta reunión, he querido venir a presentarles mis respetos. Se preguntarán cómo he podido concoer el lugar y la fecha; eso es en realidad lo de menos. Era de espararse por más de tres años. Es más, lo que hayan acordado no hay que ser un zahorí para saberlo. La ANDA me ha comisionado para que les informe que se adhiere a sus proposiciones oficialmente, puesto que ya lo estaba en la práctica.

El professor Howard que había estado escuchando atentamente, exclamó:

— Sepa usted lo mucho que nos place ese respaldo formal. Y esto merece un brindis.

En tanto, el professor Sahni había permanecido en un actitud de cautelosa observación.

El doctor Okyere se levantó de su butaca, dirigiéndose al ventanal. Echó una mirada a lo largo de la bahía que se hallaba cubierta de una ligera neblina azulosa y luego miró más allá:

— En efecto, hay mucho que celebrar, puesto que en poco habremos alcanzado la paz definitiva que abogaban.

Ambos profesores se miraron atónitos.

— Sí, ustedes han sido magníficos e ilusos coabordadores. ¡Brindemos!



TRANSLATION

Mending

Nicolas E. Alvarez

Translated from Spanish by Lara Kosolapoff

In the middle of the new century, the world community had hardly overcome another convulsive stage. At Princeton University, professor Milton Howard was relaxing in his office having just reviewed his latest notes. Still lethargic, he picked up the telephone receiver.

“Dr. Howard.”

“Yes, sir.”

“It has been arranged for the ship to leave and for you to have every possible convenience. I hope that your trip will be productive for us.”

“Thanks. I am ready.”

On the launch pad, at the bottom of the ship’s elevator, two advisors waited for him. The wise man saluted them politely and the three ascended to the transporter. The old professor went directly to the private compartment that was at the back of the ship and closed himself in. After only a few hours of flight, the ship landed in Hong Kong.

In the hangar, a shining limousine was waiting which took him without delay to the country manor located at the top of the steep and solitary hill, from which the expansive and populated bay could be seen, and farther in the distance, the confining mountains. The weather, barely rainy, remained warm in these months. The exotic garden that encircled the residence paled surrounded by a calm atmosphere. As the car stopped in front of the tall portico of the stately English mansion, the gate opened. A tall and slender man with gray hair and sharp features, dressed in a light muslin shirt, came out to greet him.

“Welcome, Dr. Howard,” he said while extending his dark hand to the newly arrived.

“I am delighted to see you, Professor.”

“I trust that your ship has been without surprises. We will dine within two hours. Tomorrow we will meet at 6:30 a.m. according to our agreement. I hope that this place will seem as appropriate to you as it does to me.

The serenity favors understanding and even imagination.”

“Without a doubt it is as you say.”

“Then I will see you later.”

The two scientist went up to their quarters. The sessions between both emissaries took place for two days. They met in the morning at dawn and recessed around ten to enjoy a light snack. The prolonged discussions continued at the end of the hour until about one in the afternoon. Then began a silent hiatus. At nine o’clock they resumed their night conversation until eleven. The next day they would hold their last meeting.

The communication between the two wise men had originated during a laborious process. For more than eight years, various world congresses had been held on

three continents with ambiguous results. Conflicts of world politics had worsened and his-

tory seemed to find itself at the mercy of fleeting and relentless. Hegelian liberty was confined to the dusty shelves of libraries, while the democratic illusion had faded away even in the handful of countries that at one time claimed it. Those governments had safeguarded civil liberties by suspending human rights with the intent of avoiding the unavoidable holocaust. The immense majority of the governments had opted for this humanistic peace; although there still remained to convince some extravagant enclaves, blinded by foolishness of the nineteen hundreds. It was, in short, a question of formulism; in essence, almost all of the world community had established the new world order and the political parallels and meridians marked with scientific precision hemispheres of fierce logic. However, there resided in the minds of a few eccentric men a romantic melancholy that was nurtured only in the most cautious secrecy.

“I think that we have managed to cover great ideological ground during this time. I am not sure what you might think.”

The study in which the two men conversed during their last meeting was furnished in Victorian style. Two sofas opposite each other next to the fire served to accommodate four advisors, mute spectators of the meeting. On the other side of the room, laid back in armchairs of dark leather, were seated the two speakers next to a luminous picture window.

"It seems to me that we have been more fruitful than we hoped. This very day I will personally inform the council. It will reassure them that we have reconciled an agreement of unshakeable uniformity; finally the great disconnectedness that has ruined certain authorities will be eliminated."

"That's what I think. The announcement of the resolution will be made both in your hemisphere and also in our community. Only in such a way will humankind be able to reassure itself without risk of losing its continuance."

"Tell me, Professor Sahni. Now that everything has definitely been finalized, allow me to propose a sophistic question to you along the lines of mere intellectual curiosity. What has caused this change to take place in your opinion?"

The very old man, dressed immaculately, stared at the American.

"I deem that you have the answer reflected in those two mirrors facing each other . . ." And he signalled to that which he had hanging on the wall in front of him, and that professor Howard could see in the other mirror hanging on the opposite wall of the study.

"Don't you think so?"

"On my part, I beg you to excuse me for consulting your opinion," he said, after which a period of time passed without professor Sahni saying a word. At last, he said: "What might be the social evolution of the future?"

After a moment of reflection, the American answered.

"There will survive, without a doubt, some bad habits for a time, while the people adjust to particulars. What counts is the global well-being. We will have to live more quickly, work laboriously. I suggest that our people have been diligent and now it will be more so. It seems unimaginable that we have lived so long in such emptiness."

.. the democratic illusion had faded away even in the handful of countries that at one time claimed it.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. One of the councilors sat up to open it. After a minute, a servant came forward a few steps to inform that Doctor Nukum Okyere had arrived and that he had asked to be allowed to enter. The two wise men looked at each other without saying a word. In the depth of their minds an uneasy feeling had come over them. The old man in white clothes, without speaking to his colleague, hurried out of the study. Within a few minutes he entered, accompanied by Dr. Okyere.

"Good morning," remarked the newly arrived. "I'm sorry that I did not warn you about my visit beforehand, but I bring an urgent message that was not approved until last night."

Professor Howard had moved forward to extend his hand to the unexpected messenger, saying to him:

"Your presence pleases us, of course. Although, as you have mentioned, we were not expecting you. Come sit with us. Tell us what we could offer you."

Dr. Okyere was of medium stature, dark-complexion, a long face scored with wrinkles, dressed in a red tunic, and on his head, a circular crimson-colored headdress. His eyes were a piercing black and they shined like cat's eyes.

"Thank you," he answered. "But I don't want anything."

"Fine," said professor Sahni. "We are anxious to learn the reason for your presence here." Looking toward the four councilors who remained standing near the fire, he motioned for them to leave.

Dr. Okyere sat down in the other armchair, the three men forming a type of triangle whose base was the window.

"Despite the fact that I have not been invited to participate in this meeting, I wanted to come to present to you my respects. You are probably wondering how I knew about the place and date; that is really not important. It was expected for more than three years. What is more, what you have resolved one does not have to be clairvoyant to understand. The A.N.D.A. has commissioned me to inform you that they will adhere to your propositions officially, since they had been adhered to in practice."

Professor Howard, who had been listening attentively, exclaimed:

"You don't know how much this formal support pleases us. This deserves a toast."

Throughout, Professor Sahni had maintained an attitude of cautious observation.

Dr. Okyere got up from his armchair, going over to the window. He gave a glance at the long bay that was covered in a bluish, light fog, then looked farther into the distance.

"In fact, there is a lot to celebrate, since in a short while we will have reached the definitive peace that you strove for."

Both professors looked at each other, astonished.

"Yes! You have been splendid visionaries."

"Let's toast!"



Harmony in Red

- Matisse

The housewife calmly
places fruit
on the table, oblivious

to the black swirling forms
closing in around her,

unaware of the turbulent
dark-fruited vines
creeping down the walls,

heedless of the way
her hair reflects
the sinister tendrils,

swimming quietly
through the red sea raging
in her dining room.

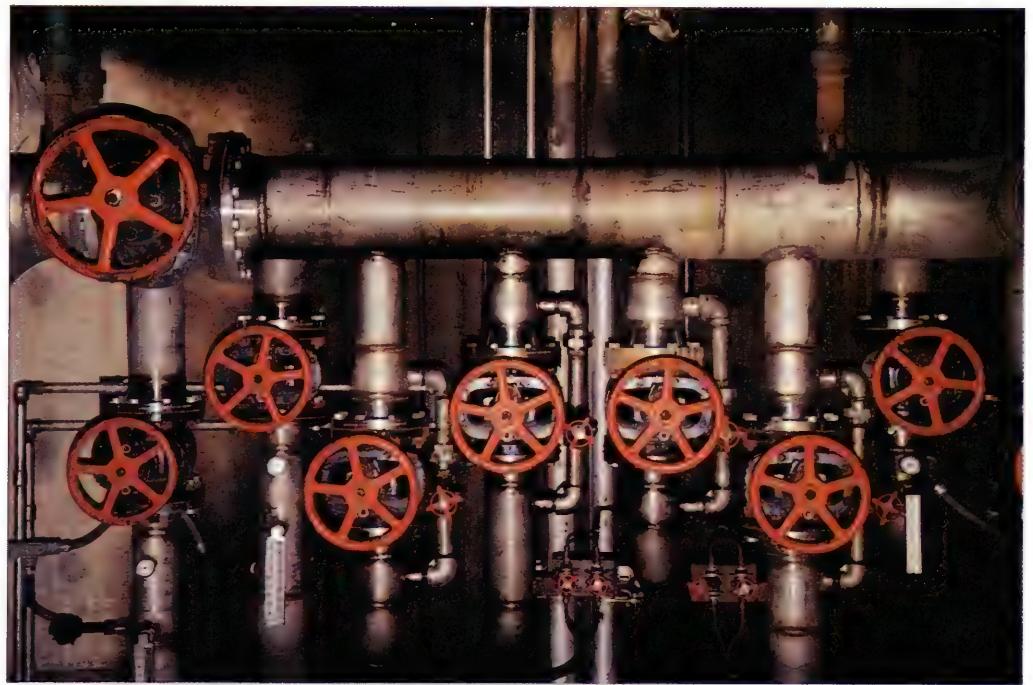
Amy Weldon



Still Life
Patrick Espy
Oil on canvas

Industrial Park

Matthew McClain



Contributors

Dr. Nicholas Alvarez

a professor of Latin American literature at Auburn University. He is the author of numerous publications on Latin America, and has recently published a book of poetry.

Clint Clark

a senior in Journalism and hang-glides by his toenails.

Matt Cleveland

a sophomore in Electrical Engineering from Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Mohammad Dolatabadi

a third year art student from Birmingham, Alabama.

Gail Elser

an art student from Daphne, Alabama.

Patrick Espy

a 27 year old architecture student who enjoys skydiving and rappeling. Some of his work is being shown at Artrax in Opelika.

Marie G. Hodes 04 EH.

When I was eighteen, I thought that all humanity would come to be as appalled at racism as I was. I was sure that one day, the hatred would stop. Now, at the age of thirty-six, I have awakened to find that the world is still full of prejudice and hatred. This realization, and the ending of a friendship, prompted the writing of *The Enemy. I have been silent too long.*

Lara Kosolapoff

a GTA in the Spanish Department who touched Sting on May 28th of this year.

Matthew McClain

a senior in mechanical engineering, and an escapee from Prattville, Alabama.

Maury McCrillis, III

a Ph D candidate in the department of English. Did his BA at University of Southern Maine and his MA at the University of Maine (Orono).

Ian McShane

studying sociology, with a particular interest in the lifestyle of road-kill collectors. He is into garage chemistry sets and play-dough straining.

Elaine Posanka

is from East Setauket, NY and is majoring in English.

Zoe E. Press

a senior from Naples, Florida.



Professor Herbert Rotfeld

a "damn yankee" educated at the University of Illinois-Urbana, frequently writes about higher education issues for a variety of newspapers and magazines, such as: *Washington Post, Chicago Tribune, Marketing News and Advertising Age*. His students are sometimes intimidated by his questioning style (*he keeps asking them "WHY?"*), and he is impatient when asked to teach "rocks." Those same students call him many things, but boring is not among them.

Rick Simmons

an art student from Mountain Brook, Alabama.

Marie Smith

a senior in Secondary Education who hopes to pursue a career teaching Writing to highschool students. She hopes one day to have a book containing childrens' short stories published.

Jennifer Trible

a senior in Journalism. She is graduating in December and plans to live in a cardboard box.

Amy Weldon

a freshman in PreMed who enjoyed working on a ranch in Jelm, Wyoming this summer.

Julian Leslie Whatley

a junior in English who transferred from Tulane University in New Orleans and Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, FL. Julian is originally from Auburn.

LAST WORD

OPINION ARTICLE

Okey, time to re-hash an overbaked and done issue. No, it's not about homosexuals on campus. It's not about the Police Department or black/white race-relations.

It's about parking... Wait! Don't stop reading just yet - this is a serious topic: Serious in its stupidity and obliviousness to the demand and necessity for more of it.

The best solution, perhaps, would be to line up the Auburn Campus Planning Committee and execute them, but frankly, I don't have the stomach for blood-shed. I'll leave decisions like this for other people to make.

In the meantime, they have left plenty to complain about, and no place to park.

Two new dormitories have replaced the convenient parking lot on The Hill, with, you guessed it, no replacement for the parking lot. Now, where exactly all of the students living in the dorm are expected to park remains a mystery, not to mention the incredibly large number of commuting students who are now about 150 spaces more short than before.

The disregard continues - there are plans to construct a new building in the spot

between Dudley and Swingle hall, which is, you guessed it, a parking lot. Of course, this one does not affect the students as much, since it is an "A" & "B" zone, but I'm sure that the music, drama, chemistry, architecture, design and building science faculty are all very curious where they will be leaving their cars, if and when this building arrives. Not to mention, where exactly will the people attending the theatre park? It is not as though there is a place even now.

Even without all of this expansion and construction, there was already a serious parking shortage, and it has apparently been the Planning Committee's policy to ignore it, instead of solve it.

I have heard that there is a money shortage for new parking lots, but if so, then why is there not a money shortage for the new buildings which are replacing the few parking lots which are left?

I have heard rumors that "they" (whoever the hell "they" are) don't want to build a new parking deck because it would be an ugly blight on our campus. Not that "they" have had much concern for campus beauty in the past, judging by the unsightliness of

some of our newer buildings. A poor excuse to avoid a serious problem.

It would be nice if we really could call Auburn a "walking campus" and ignore the necessity for automobiles. Unfortunately, the majority of Auburn Students live off-campus, and a large number of those live distant enough to make an automobile a necessity for commuting to campus. Such a large proportion, in fact, that parking has become a serious problem, and will only get worse while the Planning Committee acts like the three monkeys; blind, deaf, and dumb.

Perhaps the solution does not lie in more parking spaces - perhaps a public transportation system could be arranged - shuttle buses from the more distant student residential areas and trailer parks. Or maybe we really do need a five story "C" Parking Deck to blight our campus with its ugliness, and bless our students with parking spots.

Lord knows with the money I've spent on parking tickets, they could at least lay the foundations for it.

- Perrin Ehlinger



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